Taboo

Taboo is the man who took a stand,
to hold his boyfriend’s hand,
in front of all his friends;
That sent the world into shock and disgrace,
to those who could no longer look him in the face.
All because he said no to putting hate before his love,
because he decided to rise above.

Taboo is the girl who loves her man,
but everyone who passes looks straight from her stomach to her hand,
as they search for a ring
she feels the familiar sting
because a baby rests in her womb
and society tells her it is far too soon.

Taboo is the black man,
holding a white woman’s hand,
because criticizing biracial love,
is something society will never rise above.
Because a person’s complexion
Has become a reflection
of what is in their heart,
He refuses to let ignorance tear them apart.
Living

I am the ticking of a clock,
The thud of hooves on barren ground,
The river’s sluggish flow,
The wasp’s paper nest,
The howling of dogs,
The swipe of claws,
The whisper of friends,
The promise of death,
All wrapped in solid flesh,
Beating, thudding, living……
Leaving
By: Hannah Walsh

The slam of a car door
and that was it.
Who would’ve thought
this would be it.
I stare out the window
telling myself I’m not wrong.
But I turn up the radio
and on comes our song.

I turn out your driveway
and I glance in the rear view,
A sinking feeling in
my stomach tells me,
it’ll always be you.
I put the car in park
and open the door,
then her picture falls
out of your jacket
onto my floor.

I ease back in the car
with tears streaming down my face,
As I tell myself,
with you,
I’ll never be in first place.
I AM

The crackle in the fireplace on a fall night
A cinnamon stick tart on the burner
A cat lounging in the most inconspicuous spot
The ground shaking after a train has run through town
The leap you’re afraid to take
The bottom of a swimming pool, unclear and deep
A splash of the ocean on a hot summer day,
At the end of vacation
The déjà vu of a happy memory
A fish in the deepest sea
Searching for good
A step forward into the future
A distant memory of your past
An adventure waiting to happen
He spice of nutmeg in a glass of eggnog
Holiday music playing in public the day after Halloween
Carella

Darkened orbs, murky waters
Rolling in their earthy vessels
Casts a curtain over the world
The heart is growing cold.

Carella dances in the sun
Her golden-lilac hair is spun
And sweets the ever-warming air;
A rapture from grief, too joyous to care.

Grab, grab! You feeble hands,
This perfect Treasure of foreign lands
Lest Tragic, Base, and Ugly take it
For Greed’s flickering taste!

Close and Lock your profane mouth
For lies do spill from you.
Treasure She is, ‘It’ She isn’t,
You King and babe of fools!

Do not groan, in woeful tones
You wail as one who’s lost,
But you are but an id’ling glut
Who fails to see the cost

Of She Who dreams, and dreaming brings
The World a taste of Heaven.
There is no need for savaglings
To take what Mercy’s given.
What is man – Who aims to tame Creation’s hidden spark, or mocks the wind, forbids the rain from harming golden locks? They dance and sing in Fall and Spring and scorn what licks the flesh, their gravel kiss is wantoning and numb to happiness. I have seen, as they have not, what lies behind the veil – golden rings, faerie wings, song of Nightingale – are but crawling lights which float upon the Earth; Nothing more than whimpering pangs before a childbirth. A glimpse you wish? You shall not have, your vision’s all askew. What lives in dream will there remain for those whose sight they’ve still to gain.